

# The *all new* FLINTSTONES

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

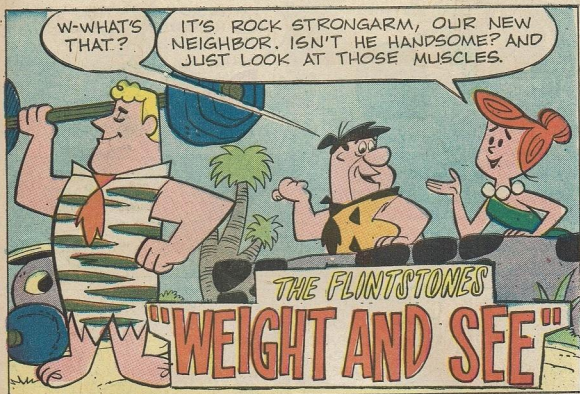
NO. 20  
JAN.  
CDC

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES  
Production

ONLY  
20¢



RAY DIRGO

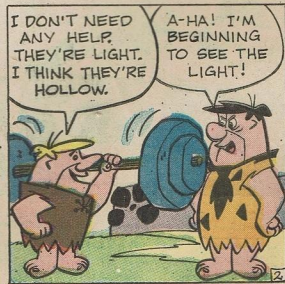
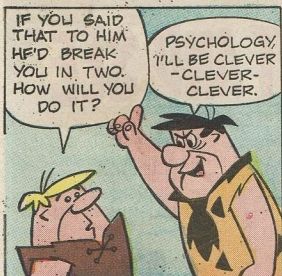
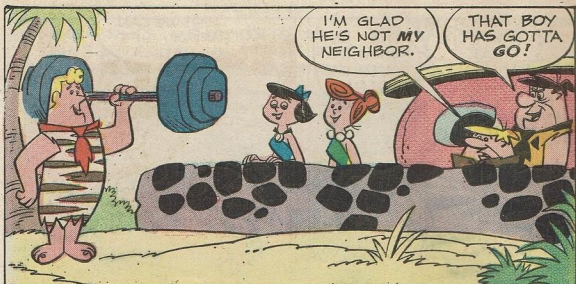


THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 4, No. 20, January, 1973.

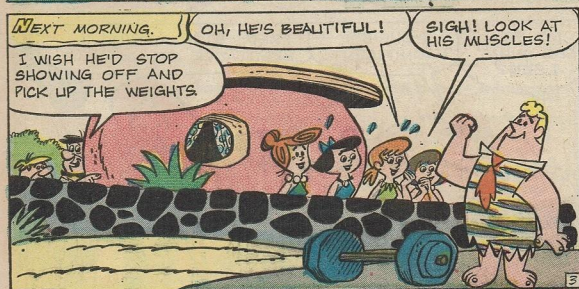
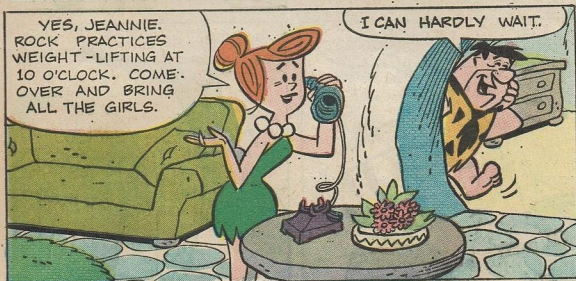
published every six weeks by Charlton Press, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 20c per copy. Subscription \$1.60 annually. Printed in U.S.A. ©1973, HANNA-BARBERA, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

©1972, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

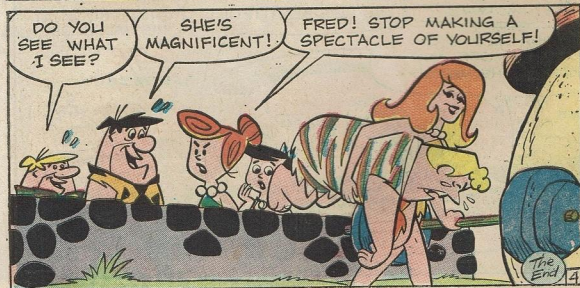
International copyright secured. All rights reserved.











The End

# THE FLINTSTONES "DERBY DAY"

PSSST. MISTER.  
WANNA BUY A RACING  
DINOSAUR, VERY CHEAP?  
ONLY TWENTY BUCKS.

GOSH! THAT *IS*  
CHEAP. IT'S LIKE  
GIVING IT AWAY.



ALL HE NEEDS IS A COUPLE OF  
GOOD MEALS AND A FLASHY  
SADDLE.

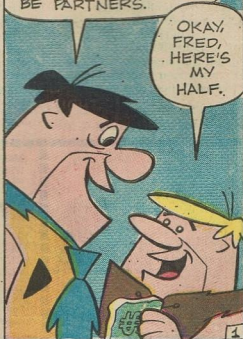
YEAH!



0-2155

WHATTYA SAY, BARNEY?  
LET'S BUY HIM. WE'LL  
BE PARTNERS.

OKAY,  
FRED,  
HERE'S  
MY  
HALF.

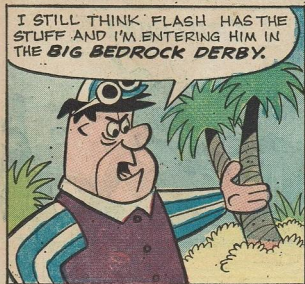
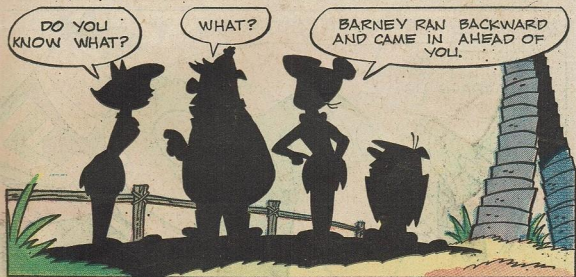
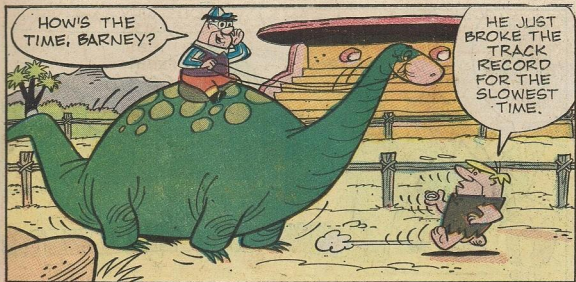


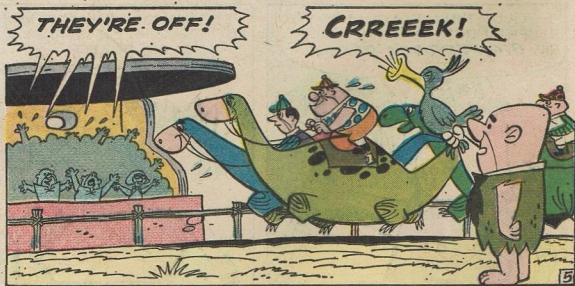
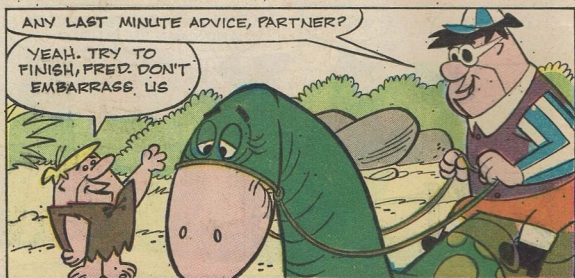
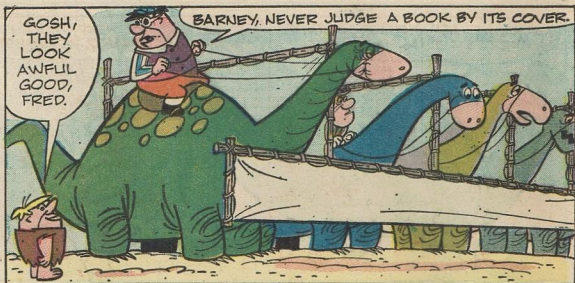
1





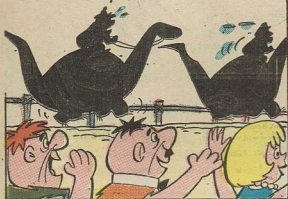








C'MON, FLASH. YOU'VE GOTTA DO BETTER THAN **LAST!**



EVEN BARNEY BEAT YOU, AND HE RAN **BACKWARD**. REMEMBER?

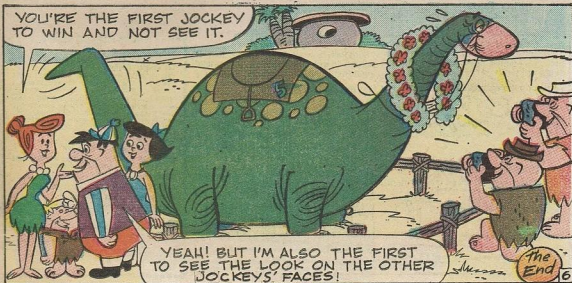


LOOK! HE'S RUNNING **BACKWARD!**

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? HE'S **WINNING!**



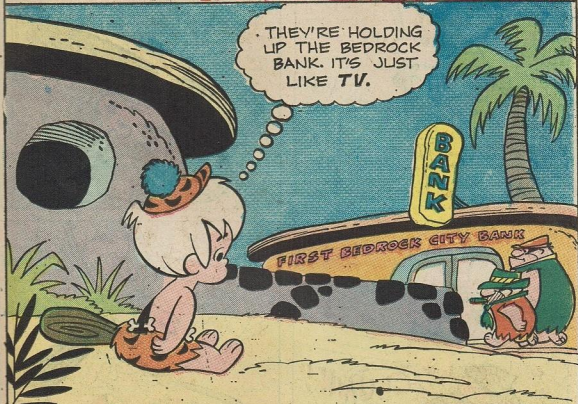
YOU'RE THE FIRST JOCKEY TO WIN AND NOT SEE IT.

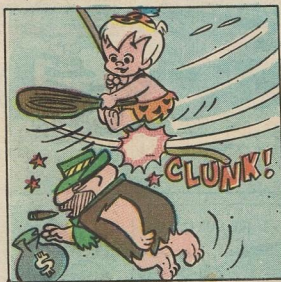


YEAH! BUT I'M ALSO THE FIRST TO SEE THE LOOK ON THE OTHER JOCKEYS' FACES!

The End

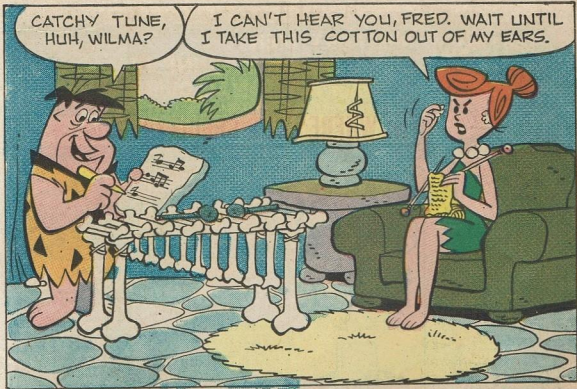
# THE FLINTSTONES "LITTLE SUPERCAVEMAN"





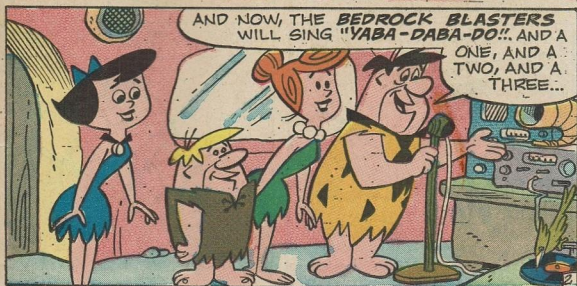
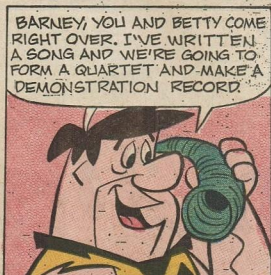
The End





## THE FLINTSTONES' "YABA-DABA-DO"









# BONERS, MOANERS AND GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions in class about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

It just was one of those days when everything seemed to go wrong. My lesson plan: Teach the meaning of the word "cliff-hanger." And next to it the definition: "a melodramatic adventure serial in which each installment ends in a surprise in order to interest the reader or viewer in the next installment." Then I had this in my lesson plan book: To illustrate—tell about a serial in which the villain tied the girl to the railroad track. A train is seen coming at full speed. That unit ends this way. Why? —

I should have had a perfect lesson. I began by asking the main question:

"Can any boy or girl tell me what is a cliff-hanger?"

Peter jumped right up out of his seat. Waving his hand wildly for recognition. Which I gave to him.

"A cliff-hanger is a cliff-dweller who has slipped. He is holding on to the cliff for dear life. If he slips it will be the end of him. His wife is watching and crying. His little boy who is watching is also crying. His sister is also watching. And she is crying."

"That's enough," I told him. "I was afraid he would keep it up all period with everyone watching him."

"I know who can save him," Marie-Louise suddenly said. "He is a magic cliff swallow."

"How can you swallow a cliff?" demanded John. "Even if you were a giant it would be very difficult to swallow a cliff. And if you did it the stone would hurt you inside. So I figure that this fellow will let go and fall. How long can you hold onto a cliff? Especially if you haven't practiced every day."

"That's right," added Martin. "Seems to me that the cliff dwellers should have been smart enough to look into the future. Just like we have fire drills in our

school. They should have had cliff hanging drills. Then he would have been saved."

I was finished and I knew it. I just let them talk it out. But I was curious. At lunch time I spoke to Mr. Mendelson who taught biology.

"Is there such a bird as a cliff swallow?"

"There certainly is," he replied. "Last summer when I was in New Mexico I photographed some of them. Gets its name from the fact that it attaches its nest to cliffs or walls. The nests are made either of mud or other handy material. There is also a cliffbrake. Which is a type of fern found on cliffs."

I thanked Mr. Mendelson for the information he had given to me. But just like kids, he too was curious.

"Why did you become interested in the cliff swallow?" he asked.

So I told him what had happened in the morning session in my class. Then he laughed.

"I suggest that you do not bring up the subject of cliffbrake. It happened to me when I was teaching in P. S. 46. I asked a student what a cliffbrake was? And after some deep searching of the inside of his skull he came up with this one: A cliffbrake is a brake that is used to hold a cliff in place. Otherwise the cliff would move away and there could be a lot of trouble."

Things were relatively peaceful in the afternoon session of my class. I had what we called "Free Drawing Period." Sometimes with paint, sometimes with crayons, and sometimes with only pencil. I stopped at Leon's desk to see what he was doing. Then I noticed he was wearing a large wrist watch on his left hand. But the dial with the numbers were pointed away from him. Towards me.

"Leon," I said to him. "You are wearing your watch the wrong way. The dial should be facing you, That's the way people wear their watches."

"This is not a polite way to wear a wrist watch," he informed me. "You are my teacher. If you want to know the time, the numbers on the face should be facing you, not me."

Next time, more about what happens in my classroom and in school.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE  
FLINTSTONES  
in

# FEEDBACK

JUST LET THAT SABER-  
TOOTH CAT TRY TO  
WAKE ME UP  
TONIGHT!

GOOD-  
NIGHT,  
FRED!

D-3065

ME-EOW.  
WWW!

GRR-RRR!

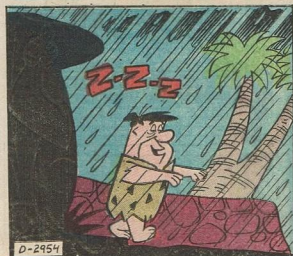
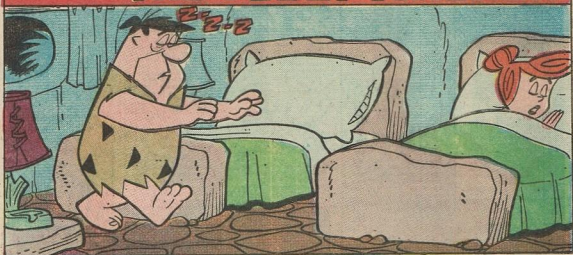
BONK!

CLUNK!

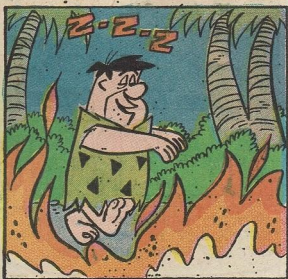
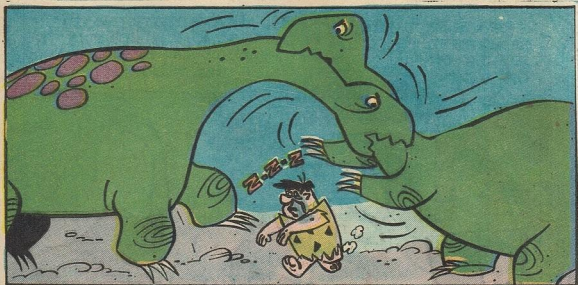
POOR FRED. HE WAS SO TIRED HE NEARLY DIDN'T MAKE  
IT TO BED.

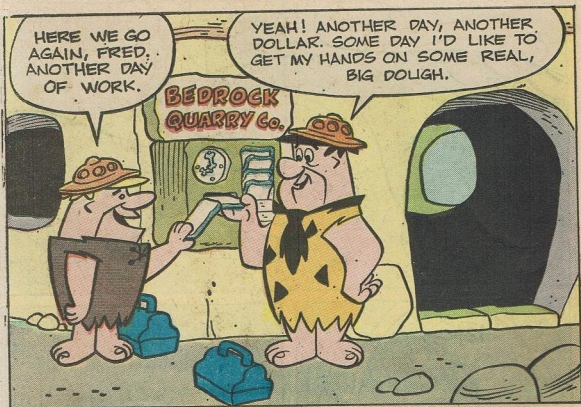
END

# THE FLINTSTONES "THE SLEEPWALKER"



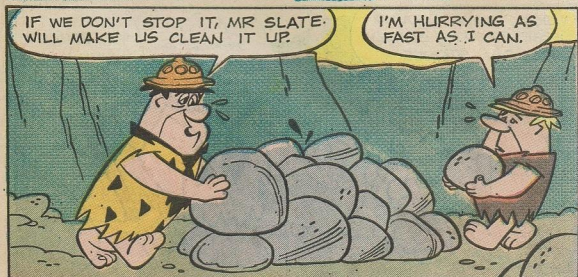






## THE FLINTSTONES "RICH MAN, POOR MAN"







THESE SPARKLY ROCKS ARE SO HARD YOU CAN'T BREAK THEM.

THEY'RE PRETTY:-

LET'S BURY THEM QUICK BEFORE SLATE DECIDES HE WANTS THEM.

OKAY.

LOOK, FRED. I FOUND THESE PRETTY, SHINEY YELLOW STONES.

FORGET 'EM, BARNEY. WE'RE HIRED TO DIG GRANITE.

I WISH I COULD THINK OF A WAY TO MAKE A FEW EXTRA BUCKS.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN, FRED.

LOOK, BARNEY! I FOUND A DIME!

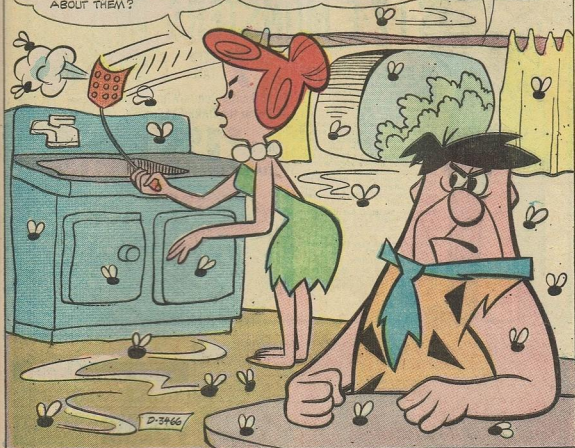
SEE! IT HASN'T BEEN A WASTED DAY AFTER ALL, FRED.

The End

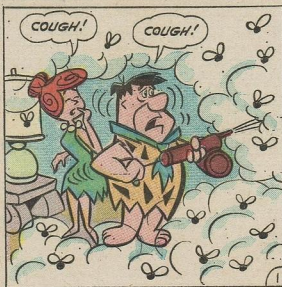
# THE FLINTSTONES in **BUG OFF**

THE BUGS ARE TERRIBLE, FRED.  
CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT THEM?

YEAH, I'LL TRY THE BUG SPRAY I BOUGHT FROM  
THAT GUY ON THE STREET.



HERE GOES.



COUGH!

COUGH!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

IT DIDN'T GET RID OF THE BUGS. IT GOT RID OF US.

LOOK! THE BUGS LOVE IT.

JUST WAIT'LL I FIND THE GUY WHO SOLD THAT SPRAY TO ME!

NEXT DAY....

HA! GOTCHA! THAT SPRAY YOU SOLD ME WAS A FAKE! I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

EASY, FRIEND. I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING BETTER THAN MONEY!

WHAT?

**THIS!....IT'S OUR SUPER-SURE, GUARANTEED BUG KILLER. IT NEVER FAILS!**

IT'LL ONLY COST YOU TWO DOLLARS, FRIEND.

BUT I PAID YOU FOR THE SPRAY THAT DIDN'T WORK.

TRUE, I'LL TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO ---FOR YOU, ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

OKAY.



